

*The History of*

for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better: such man, mortall men, mortall men;

*West.* I, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

*Fal.* Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that and for their barenelle, I am sure they neuer learnt that of me.

*Prim.* No, Ile besworne, ynlesse you cal three fingers on the ribs bare: but sirra make hast, Percy is already in the field. *Exit.*

*Fal.* What, is the king in camp?

*West.* He is, sir John, I feare we shal stay too long.

*Fal.* Well, to the later end of a tray, and the begining of a feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene guest. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.*

*Hot.* Weele fight with him to night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You giue him then aduantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so: looks he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

*Wor.* Good coosin be aduise, stir not to night.

*Ver.* Do not, my Lord.

*Doug.* You do not counsell well:

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas, by my life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my life;

If well respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weake feare,

As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues:

Let be scene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares;

Yea or to night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To night say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition; certaine horse

Of my coosin Vernons are not yet come vp,

Your

*Henry the fourth.*

Your Vncle Worcesters horses came but to day;

And now their pride and mettall is a sleepe,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is halfe the halfe of himselfe.

*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemy,

In generall iorney bated and brought low,

The better part of ours are full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the King exceedeth ours.

For Gods sake, Coosin, stay till al come in.

*The trumpet sounds a parley. Enter sir Walter Blunt.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the King,

If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

*Hot.* Welcom, sir Walter Blunt: and would to God

You were of our determination;

Some of vs loue you well, and euen those some

Inuy your great deseruings and good name,

Because you are not of our qualitie,

But stand against vs like an enemy.

*Blunt.* And God defend, but stil I should stand so,

So long as out of limit and true rule

You stand against anointed Maiestie,

But to my charge. The king hath sent to know

The nature of your greiues, and whereupon

You coniure from the breast of ciuill peace,

Such bold hostilitie, teaching his duntous land

Audacious cruelty, If that the King

Haue any way your good deserts forgot,

Which he confelleth to be manifold,

He bids you name your griues, and with all speede;

You shall haue your desires, with interest

And pardon absolute for your selfe, and these

Herein misfed by your suggestion;

*Hot.* The King is kind: and well we know, the king

Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay:

My father, my vncle, and my selfe,

Did giue him that same royaltie he weares,

And when he was not fixe and twenty strong,

Sick in the worldes regard, wretched and low,

A.